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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SPEAKER.

A RHYME OF THE YEAR.

JANUARY! January!
Though cold, you have no law.
You make us freeze
Just when you please,
And then you go and thaw.

February! February!
I think it's very queer
That on the way
You lose a day,
And find it in leap year.

O windy March! you are too loud,
You do make such a noise.
You frisk about,
Now in, now out,
It's worse than girls and boys.

Cry-baby April comes along,
You never can tell whether
She's going to smile
Or cry awhile,
She has such funny weather.

Then little May comes tripping in,
Uncertain as her name is;

We May have snow,
The wind May blow,
Or May be lots of daisies.

O lovely June ! O lovely June !
You're everything together,
Your skies so fair,
Your flowers so rare,
Oh, stay, delightful weather !

Please find us fans, now, hot July,
The " Fourth " is almost here :
Let's sit up late
To celebrate—
You come but once a year.

O August ! you've a lovely moon,
I wonder where you found it !
So big and bright,
For many a night,
And then a ring around it !

September, you'd be very nice,
But always, as a rule,
That when our fun
Seems just begun,
You take us back to school.

October ! where's your friend, Jack Frost ?
You always come together,
With lovely leaves
On all the trees,
And hazy, dreamy weather.

THE MONTHS.

November, you're almost too dull,
And cold and damp and drear;
The turkeys say
Thanksgiving Day
They dread through all the year.

O dear December! hurry on,
Oh, please—oh, please come quick;
Bring snow so white,
Bring fires so bright,
And bring us good Saint Nick!

THE MONTHS.

First Child.—

JANUARY comes the first of all,
Ready to make a New Year's call

Second Child.—

February is next in line,
Bringing to all a valentine.

Third Child.—

March comes next with wind and noise,
Here's a kite for all the boys.

Fourth Child.—

April's eyes are brimming over,
Silvery drops that start the clover.

Fifth Child.—

May with blossoms stops the way
And brings us Decoration Day.

Sixth Child.—

Laughing June her face discloses
Almost hid among the roses.

Seventh Child.—

Boom of cannon, roar of gun,
In comes July. Oh, what fun!

Eighth Child.—

August comes with berries red—
Sheaves of wheat about her head.

Ninth Child.— July,

Next, September. -here:
Study now must begin.

Tenth Child.— a year.

Dropping nuts, ve a lovely moon,
October comes, u found it!

Eleventh Child.— right,

What brings a night,
Oh, Thanksgiving around it!

Twelfth Child.— very nice,

Last and best of all winter,
December brings a Christmas.

J
OL

A NEW YEAR'S TALK.

"**H**ERE I am," said the New Year, popping his head in at the door.

"Oh! there you are, eh?" replied the Old Year. "Come in, and let me have a look at you, and shut the door after you, please!"

Bristled lightly in, and closed the door
And brin

— said. "Fine and clear, though.
— rney."

THE N Year. "I don't expect to
— rheumatism racking my

First Child.—

all it; but, to be sure, I
JANUARY comes your age, youngster. Is
Ready to make

But there is no hurry.

Second Child.—

matters are in these
February is next in line
Bringing to all a vale, red, shaking his head.

Third Child.—

et I suppose they might
worse before I came; much
March comes ne a great deal. Now I expect
Here's a ki my example, and be a good year

Fourth Child.—

April's a —, said the New Year, "depend
and now tell me a little what there is to do."
"In the first place," replied the other, "you have the
Father to attend to. To be sure, you have a clerk to
you in that, but he is not always to be depended
on; there is a great deal of work in the department.
The seasons have a way of running into each other, and

getting mixed, if you don't keep a sharp lookout on them; and the months are a troublesome, unruly set. Then you must be careful how you turn on wet and dry weather; your reputation depends in a great measure on that. But you must not expect to satisfy everybody for that is impossible. If you try to please the farmers the city people will complain; and if you devote yourself to the cities, the country people call you all manner of names. I had rather devote myself to apple and that sort of a thing; everybody speaks of me as 'a great apple year;' 'a glorious year for grapes!' and so on. That is very gratifying to me. And one thing I want you to do very carefully; that is, to watch the leaves that are turned."

"I thought Autumn attended to that sort of thing," said his companion.

"I don't mean leaves of trees," said the Old Year. "But at the beginning of a year, half the people in the world say, 'I am going to turn over a new leaf!' meaning that they intend to behave themselves better in various respects. As a rule, leaves do not stay turned over. I know a great many little boys who promised not to turn over a new leaf in regard to tearing their clothes, and losing their jack-knives, and bringing mud into the house on their boots, and little girls who were going to keep their bureau drawers tidy and their boot buttons sewed on. But I haven't seen much improvement in most of them. Indeed, what can you expect of the children, when the parents set them the example? Why, there is a man in this neighborhood who has turned over a new leaf in the matter of smoking every year since 1868, and after the first week of each New Year, he smokes like a chimney all the rest of the year."

"What is his name?" inquired 1889, taking out his note-book.

"His name is Smith—John Smith," said the Old Year. "There are a great many of them, and all the rest are probably as bad as the particular one I mention, so you need not be too particular."

"I'll attend to it," said the New Year. "Any other suggestions?"

"Well," said the Old Year, smiling, "I have never found that young people, or young years, were very apt to profit by good advice. You must go your own way after all. Don't start any new inventions—there have been quite enough lately. Above all, take care of the children, and give them all the good weather you can conscientiously. And now," he added, rising slowly and stiffly from his seat by the fire, "the horses are getting impatient, and my time is nearly up, so I start on my long drive. You will find everything in pretty good shape, I think, though, of course, you will think me an old foggy, as perhaps I am. Well! well! good-bye, my boy! Good luck to you! And whenever you hear my name mentioned, try to put in a good word for old 1888."

LAURA E. RICHARD.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

YE who have scorned each other,
 Or injured friend or brother,
 In this fast-fading year;
 Ye who, by word or deed,

Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye, who have loved each other,
Sister and friend and brother,
In this fast fading year :
Mother and sire and child,
Young man and maiden mild,
Come gather here ;

And let your hearts grow fonder
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year ;
Ye, with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow,
If e'er you hoped, hope now—

Take heart ; uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces,
Under the holly bough.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE NATIVITY.

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THE air was still o'er Bethlehem's plain,
As if the great night held its breath,
When Life Eternal came to reign
Over a world of death.

All nature felt a thrill divine
When burst that meteor on the night
Which, pointing to the Saviour's shrine,
Proclaimed the new-born Light.

Light to the shepherds ! and the star
Gilded their silent midnight fold ;
Light to the wise men from afar
Bearing their gifts of gold.

Light to a realm of sin and grief ;
Light to a world in all its needs ;
The Light of Life, a new belief
Rising o'er fallen creeds.

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
Though leading to a martyr's throne ;
A light to guide till Christ returns
In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
The Christmas choirs sing now, as then,
"Glory, glory unto our God!
Peace and good-will to men!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE IN NEW ENGLAND.

AS soon as Mrs. Olcott was well rid of Mrs. Hawley, she called her boys, and bade them go to the pine woods and get the finest, handsomest young hemlock tree that they could find.

"Get one that is straight and tall, with well boughed branches on it, and put it where you can draw it under the wood-shed after dark," she added.

The boys went to Pine Hill, and there they picked out the finest young tree on all the hill, and said, "We will take this one." So, with their hatchets they hewed it down and brought it safely home the next night when all was dark. And when Roger was quietly sleeping in the adjoining room, they dragged the tree into the kitchen. It was too tall, so they took it out again and cut off two or three feet at the base. Then they propped it up, and the curtains being down over the windows, and blankets being fastened over the curtains to prevent any one looking in, and the door being doubly barred to prevent any one coming in, they all went to bed.

Very early the next morning, while the stars shone on the snow-covered hills—the same stars that shone sixteen hundred years before on the hills when Christ

was born in Bethlehem—the little Puritan mother in New England arose very softly. She went out and lit the kitchen fire anew from the ash-covered embers. She fastened upon the twigs of the tree the gifts she had bought in Boston for her boys and girl. Then she took as many as twenty pieces of candle and fixed them upon the branches. After that she softly called Rupert, Robert, and Lucy, and told them to get up and come into the kitchen.

Hurrying back, she began, with a bit of a burning stick, to light the candles. Just as the last one was set aflame, in trooped the three children.

Before they had time to say a word, they were silenced by their mother's warning.

"I wish to fetch Roger in and wake him up before it," she said. "Keep still until I come back!"

The little lad, fast asleep, was lifted in a blanket and gently carried by his mother into the beautiful presence.

"See! Roger, my boy, see!" she said, arousing him. 'It is Christmas morning now! In England they only have Christmas-boughs, but here in New England we have a whole Christmas-tree."

"O mother!" he cried. "O Lucy! Is it really, really true, and no dream at all? Yes, I see! I see! O mother, it is so beautiful! Were all the trees on all the hills lighted up that way when Christ was born? And, mother," he added, clapping his little hands with joy at the thought, "why, yes, the stars did sing when Christ was born! They must be glad, then, and keep Christmas, too, in heaven. I know they must, and there will be good times there."

"Yes," said his mother; "there will be good times there, Roger."

"Then," said the boy, "I sha'n't mind going, now that I've seen the Christmas-bough. I— What is that, mother?"

What was it that they heard? The little Olcott home had never before seemed to tremble so. There were taps at the window, there were knocks at the door—and it was as yet scarcely the break of day! There were voices also, shouting something to somebody.

"Shall I put out the candles, mother?" whispered Robert.

"What will they do to us for having the tree? I wish we hadn't it," regretted Rupert; while Lucy clung to her mother's gown and shrieked with all her strength, "It's Indians!"

Pale and white and still, ready to meet her fate, stood Mrs. Olcott, until, out of the knocking and the tapping at her door, her heart caught a sound. It was a voice calling, "Rachel! Rachel! Rachel!"

"Unbar the door!" she cried back to her boys; "it's your father calling!" Down came the blankets; up went the curtain; open flew the door; and in walked Captain Olcott, followed by every man and woman in Plymouth who had heard at break of day the glorious news that the expected ship had arrived at Boston, and with it the long lost Captain Olcott. For an instant nothing was thought of except the joyous welcoming of the Captain in his new home.

"What's this? What is it? What does this mean?" was asked again and again, when the first excitement was passed, as the tall young pine stood aloft, its candles ablaze, its gifts still hanging.

"It's welcome home to father!" said Lucy, her only thought to screen her mother.

"No, child, no!" sternly spoke Mrs. Olcott. "Tell the truth!"

"It's—a—Christmas-tree!" faltered poor Lucy.

One and another and another, Pilgrims and Puritans all, drew near with faces stern and forbidding, and gazed and gazed, until one and another and yet another softened slowly into a smile as little Roger's piping voice sung out:

"She made it for me, mother did. But you may have it now, and all the pretty things that are on it, too, because you've brought my father back again; if mother will let you," he added.

Neither Pilgrim nor Puritan frowned at the gift. One man, the sternest there, broke off a little twig and said:

"I'll take it for the sake of the good old times at home."
ST. NICHOLAS.

IN SANTA CLAUS LAND.

OF all the busy people
This busy Christmas-tide,
None work like Mrs. Santa Claus,
For days, and nights beside.
The good old Saint, her husband,
Has so much now to do,
If Mrs. Claus did not take hold
He never would get through.

Their home is bright and cheery,
They call it "Reindeer Hall,"
And icicles do thatch the roof,
And icebergs form the wall.

The North Star, bright and shining
Gives all the light they need,
For "How to Climb a Chimney"
Is the only book they read.

They've dolls in every corner,
They've dolls on all the chairs,
Piled high on every cupboard-shelf,
And way up the front stairs.
But not a stitch of clothing
On any can be seen,
Old Santa Claus is nice, but he
Can't sew on a machine.

So Mrs. Claus is working
On petticoats and sacks,
And there are lots of shirts to make
For all the jumping-jacks;
And long clothes for the babies,
And hats and caps and capes,
Then all the dresses must be cut
In fashionable shapes.

Right on the fire a kettle
Boils, making such a noise!
The lids pop up: how good they smell—
Those lemon-candy toys!
Such lots of candy cooking!
Such stacks of chocolate nice!
The kitchen is a sticky place—
So sticky—but so nice!

The reindeer must be harnessed,
The toys packed in the sleigh;

And Santa Claus wrapped up in furs
 To ride so far away.
 Then Mrs. Claus he kisses,
 And says, "I don't believe,
 My dear, that I can get back home
 Till nearly New Year's Eve."

And then away he dashes,
 While Mrs. Claus docs call,
 "Be very careful how you climb ;
 I'll worry lest you fall!"
 And Santa Claus says, smiling,
 "I never in my life
 Could do so much for boys and girls
 Without so good a wife!"

ADA STEWART SHELTON.

KRISS KRINGLE'S VISIT.

WHO dashes on in sleet and snow,
 With ears and cheeks a ruddy glow,
 With whoop and shout and merry jingle?
 Good folks, look out, 'tis old Kriss Kringle.

His cap he raises with a shout,
 His beard and hair blow all about,
 He stamps his feet and snaps his finger,
 For not an instant can he linger.

He cracks his whip, now left, now right,
 The reindeers speed with all their might,
 A million stockings must be filled,
 And not a single toy be spilled

Look out now—there's a sled broke loose,
And there's a doll caught in a noose—
Now hasten, hasten every one
Or soon we'll see the rising sun.

Now first go through this narrow street ;
We'll give the children here a treat,
For once a year, at least, I'll see
The poorest child shall happy be.

There, halt ! How high this chimney is !
'Tis well I understand all this,
For never mortal saw before
So tight a squeeze as this, I'm sure.

Now dash away o'er hill and dale,
The stars and moon begin to pale,
And Mrs. Kringle will not wait—
She never likes her breakfast late.

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

SUCH a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds ; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course ; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot ; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor ; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce ; Martha dusted the hot plates ; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table ; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting

guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and the grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board; and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone on the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows.

CHARLES DICKENS.

SAINT 'NICK.

A JOLLY dear soul is old Saint Nick,
With his garb of fur and his reindeer team,
And his snowy beard so full and thick,
That you scarce catch the flash of his eyes' kind
beam,
And then, too, his load of toys, wherewith
To inspire young hearts with a thousand joys—

What is that you say? The old man's a myth?

You had best not say so to the boys,
For the way you'd be floored would be simply shocking
By the crushing logic of a well-filled stocking.

BOSTON BUDGET.

CHRISTMAS.

DAINTY little stockings
Hanging in a row,
Blue and gray and scarlet,
In the firelight's glow.

Curly-pated sleepers
Safely tucked in bed ;
Dreams of wondrous toy-shops
Dancing through each head.

Funny little stockings
Hanging in a row
Stuffed with sweet surprises,
Down from top to toe.

Skates and balls and trumpets,
Dishes, tops, and drums,
Books and dolls and canoes,
Nuts and sugar-plums.

Little sleepers waking :
Bless me, what a noise :
Wish you merry Christmas,
Happy girls and boys !

THE NURSERY.

THE ANGELIC SONG.

WHILE the stars in silence shining, and the world
is hushed in sleep,
I can hear the angels singing in a chorus grand and
deep ;

Come the strains from far-off hillsides, through the vista
of long years ;
Listen to the wondrous story angels chant to listening
ears ;

Sweet and low, now louder swelling ! till the " heavenly
arches ring !"
To the wondering shepherds telling, " Christ is born ;
Redeemer ! King !"

Following in glad attendance when He left His throne
above,
Lingering, hovering, till the Christ-child lay in Mary's
arms of love,

How their pinions softly fluttered as the promised hour
drew nigh,
With what tender voices uttered all the strange, sweet
mystery,

Till the wonder was accomplished ; then they sang their
triumph song,
Then across Judea's waters rose their chorus full and
strong !

Listen to the gracious "tidings to all people;" hear us
still!

'Tidings of great joy" and comfort! echoing from hill
to hill!

"Glory in the highest!" ringing, ringing ever on the
air!

"Peace and good-will" ever bringing, every human
heart may share.

Not in vain the angels' joy notes, not in vain the Christ
was born;

Millions join the heavenly anthem each returning
Christmas morn.

IVY ENGLISH.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they traveled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the Wise Men knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night over hills and dells,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at the wayside wells.

“Of the child that is born,” said Baltazar,
“Good people, I pray you, tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen His star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews.”

And the people answered, “You ask in vain;
We know of no King but Herod the Great!”
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men, and questioned them;
And said: “Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new King.”

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,

Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were
barred,

And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,

In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little Child in the manger lay,—
The Child that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,

Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet ;

The gold was their tribute to a King ;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,

And sat as still as a statue of stone ;
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,

With the clatter of hoofs in proud array ;

But they went not back to Herod the Great,
 For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
 And returned to their homes by another way

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

Merrily ring the Christmas Bells;
 Every heart with rapture swells;
 Round the world with joy proclaim
 Redemption in the Saviour's name.
 Youth and age alike will say
 Christ was born on Christmas Day.
 Herald Him, ye glittering throng,
 Rend the morning light with song;
 In Judea's land a babe is born,
 Sent to comfort all that mourn.
 Trusting in the promise given,
 Marching on our way to Heaven,
 All of earth in gladness sing.
 Songs of praise to Heaven's King.

THE BIG SHOE.

"THERE was an old woman
 Who lived in a shoe;
 She had so many children
 She didn't know what to do.
 To some she gave broth,
 And to some she gave bread,
 And some she whipped soundly
 And sent them to bed."

Do you find out the likeness?
A portly old dame,—
The mother of millions,—
Britannia by name.
And howe'er it may strike you
In reading the song—
Not stinted in space
For bestowing the throng;
Since the sun can himself
Hardly manage to go,
In a day and a night,
From the heel to the toe.

On the arch of the instep
She builds up her throne,
And with seas rolling under,
She sits there alone;
With her heel at the foot
Of the Himmalehs planted,
And her toe in the icebergs,
Unchilled and undaunted.

Yet, though justly of all
Her fine family proud,
'Tis no light undertaking
To rule such a crowd;
Not to mention the trouble
Of seeing them fed,
And dispensing with justice
The broth and the bread.
Some will seize upon one,
Some are left with the other,
And so the whole household
Gets into a pother.

But the rigid old dame
Has a summary way
Of her own, when she finds
There is mischief to pay.
She just takes up the rod,
And lays down the spoon,
And makes their rebellious
Backs tingle right soon.
Then she bids them, while yet
The sore smarting they feel,
To lie down and go to
Sleep, under her heel.

Only once was she posed,—
When the little boy, Sam,
Who had always before
Been as meek as a lamb,
Refused to take tea,
As his mother had bid,
And returned saucy answers,
Because he was chid.

Not content, even then,
He cut loose from the throne,
And set about making
A shoe of his own;
Which succeeded so well,
And was filled up so fast,
That the world, in amazement,
Confessed at the last—
Looking on at the work,
With a gasp and a stare—
That 'twas hard to tell which
Would be best of the pair.

Side by side they are standing .
Together to-day,
Side by side may they keep
Their strong foothold for aye;
And beneath the broad sea,
Whose blue depths intervene,
May the finishing string
Lie unbroken between !

WHAT BESSIE SAW.

THIS morning, when all of the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures, which there in the night,
Jack Frost had been making for me.

There were mountains, and wind-mills, and bridges, and
boats,
Some queer-looking houses and trees ;
A hammock that hung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all.

The cutest and cunningest dear little girl !
I looked at her hard as I could,
And she stood there so dainty—and looked back at
me—
In a little white ulster and hood.

“Good morning,” I whispered, for all in a flash
 I knew ’twas Jack Frost’s little sister,
 I was so glad to have her come visiting me,
 I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

Then—can you believe it?—the darling was gone!
 Killed dead in that one little minute.
 I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that,
 How could there be any harm in it?

And I am so sorry! For though I have looked
 Fifty times at that window since then,
 Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
 She never can come back again.

And—it may be foolish—but all through the day
 I have felt—and I knew that I should—
 Just as if I had killed her, that dear baby girl,
 In the little white ulster and hood.

CARRIE W. BRONSON.

OLD WINTER, ESQUIRE.

OLD WINTER, ESQUIRE, is now on his way
 To make us a visit—I hear quite a stay.
 I’ve just had a message, a telephone call,
 From Iceberg, the steward of Polar-Bear Hall.
 The message, it ran in the usual strain:
 “Our friend, Mr. Winter, left on the noon train;
 If connections don’t fail he’ll arrive on the day
 That Fall takes his luggage and family away.”

A letter I had but a few days ago
From a place up in Greenland called "Frozen-Up-So."
This epistle was full of the old fellow's schemes
For nipping our flowers and freezing our streams.
It told of the traps he intended to take,
The boxes and satchels of very strange make,
All bought by his wife in a shop near the town,
To carry the things he is forced to bring down.

In confidence strict I'll whisper to you
That one satchel holds a blizzard or two;
In a great big trunk marked "HANDLE WITH CARE,"
He's packed up some snow-storms to drop here and
there;

In one of the satchels he'll bring without fail
A package of slush and an easterly gale;
And in an old hat-box, bought at half price,
He'll pack in a blanket some "open-sea" ice.

In a most direct manner this story I've had,
That within his queer boxes he carries things bad,
Like quinsy, sore-throats, and rheumatic gout,
To give us poor fellows who live hereabout.
What an awful old chap Mr. Winter must be
To pack up such things for you and for me!
They're worse than hay-fever, they are, 'pon my soul!
I wish he would stay at his home by the Pole.

But what am I saying about the old lad!
He carries good things as well as things bad.
Why, he brings us sweet Christmas, that day to all
dear,
Whose moments are full of God's bountiful cheer;

And New Year's he gives us, and other blest days
Which comfort and help us through dark, stormy ways.
So, welcome, old Winter, right welcome, old soul,
From your home up in Greenland, beside the North
Pole!

ALFRED M. LYNES.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

THERE'S a wonderful weaver
High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom!

Oh! with finest of laces
He decks bush and tree;
On the bare, flinty meadows
A cover lays he.
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post;
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last;
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.

THE FALLING SNOW.

Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work that is done ;
And he smiles : " I'll unravel
It all, just for fun !"

COOPER.

THE FALLING SNOW.

SEE the pretty snow-flakes
Falling from the sky !
On the walls and house-tops
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window-ledges,
On the branches bare,
See how fast they gather,
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
Where the grass was green ;
Covered now by snow-flakes,
Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare, black bushes
All look soft and white ;
Every twig snow-laden,
What a pretty sight !

Don't forget the birdies,
Now that winter comes ;
Pitying their hunger,
Scatter out your crumbs.

Think, too, in the winter,
Of the hungry poor ;
Let them find a welcome
When coming to your door.

HOW THE QUESTION CAME HOME.

IN the dusk of a summer evening
I rocked my child to rest ;
Then sat and mused, with my darling
Still folded to my breast.

His ringlets swept my shoulder,
His breath was on my cheek,
And I kissed the dimpled fingers,
With a love I could not speak.

A form came through the gateway
And up the garden walk—
And my neighbor sat down, as often,
To have an evening talk.

She saw me caress my baby
With almost reverent touch,
And she shook her gray head gravely,
“ You love that boy too much ! ”

“ That cannot be,” I answered,
“ While I love ‘ Our Father ’ more ;
He smiles on a mother’s rapture
O’er the baby that she bore.”

For awhile we both sat silent,
In the twilight's deeper gray;
Then she said: "I believe that baby
Grows lovelier every day.

"And I suppose that the reason
I feel so drawn to him
Is because he reminds me strongly
Of my own little baby Jim."

My heart stood still a moment
With a horror I dared not show,
While the trembling voice beside me
Went on in accents low:

"Just the same high white forehead,
And the rings of shining hair,
And the smile of artless mischief
I have seen this Jamie wear.

"And I've sometimes thought—well, Mary,
The feeling no doubt you guess—
That my trouble would now be lighter
Had I loved my baby less."

My neighbor rose abruptly,
And left me in the gloom,
But the sob of a broken spirit
Was echoing in the room.

And when the lamp was lighted,
I knelt by Jamie's bed,
And wept o'er the noble forehead
And the ringlet-crowned head.

For I thought of the bloated visage
And the matted hair of him
Whom all the village children
Knew only as "drunken Jim."

And my heart cried out: "O Father,
Spare me that bitter cup!
And destroy the liquor traffic
Before my boy grows up!"

DRINKING A FARM.

MY homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in that ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash it down with. You say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer, but have never been able to get enough money together to buy a farm. But this is just where you are mistaken. For several years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it for yourself. An acre of land contains forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at forty-three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre, you will see that this brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet. Now pour down that fiery dose, and just imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five hundred foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long a time it requires to swallow a pasture large enough to feed a

cow. Put down that glass of gin! there is dirt in it—
one hundred square feet of good, rich dirt, worth forty-
three dollars and fifty-six cents per acre.

But there are plenty of farms which do not cost more
than a tenth part of forty-three dollars and fifty-six
cents per acre. What an enormous acreage has gone
down many a homeless drinker's throat! No wonder
such men are buried in the "potter's field;" they have
swallowed farms and gardens and homes, and even
drank up their own graveyard!

H. L. HASTINGS.

PLAYING DRUNKARD

JONES was a kind, good-natured man as one might
wish to see,
He had a buxom, tidy wife and bright-eyed children
three,
But Jones was weak in one respect—he had a love for
rum,
And often from the drinking-shop would staggering,
homeward come.

His good wife grieved to see him thus, but bore all
patiently,
And prayed and hoped that in some way he would re-
formed be;
She never waver'd in her faith, but toiled with hand and
brain,
And in the end with joy she found her prayers were not
in vain.

Thus it occurred. One Sunday morn, while Jones lay
 on the floor,
 Sleeping away the outcome of his spree the night before
 His wife had gone to church to pray that his reform
 might come,
 Leaving, with much regret, her ill-clad little ones at
 home.

When passed away the lethargy, caused by the flowing
 bowl,
 Jones gazed around, and saw a sight which shocked his
 very soul.
 His eldest child, a boy of six, with frowzy, unkempt
 hair,
 Was staggering around the room with idiotic stare,
 The while his other little ones laughed loudly in their
 glee.
 His grimaces, and flounderings, and antics queer to see.

"I'm only playing drunk," he said, "to imitate papa,
 But if I had some liquor, I could do it better, far.
 But children ain't allowed to drink, so I know what I'll
 do,
 I'll wait till I grow up, and then, I'll be a drunkard,
 too."

"I reckon not," Jones muttered. "With Heaven's help
 I'll try
 To do my duty after this in strict sobriety.
 My eyes shall ne'er again behold a scene so sad as this;
 Come here, my precious little ones, and give papa a
 kiss!"



When Mrs. Jones came home from church, he met her
at the door,
And tenderly embracing her, said: "Wife, I'll drink
no more!"
She saw the truth shine in his eyes, and wept for very
joy,
But never knew the change was wrought by her un-
thinking boy.

FRANCIS S. SMITH.

HIS FIRST AND LAST DRINK.

"POY PILLY" was the adopted son of Father Zende, an eccentric Teuton, who was much shocked one day at seeing the boy in a lager beer saloon taking off a foaming glass of lager. He bade the boy go home, but said nothing about the matter till evening. After tea Zende seated himself at the table and placed before him a variety of queer things, whereon Billy looked with curiosity.

"Kommer zie hier, Pilly," cried Christian. "Vy vast du in te peer shops, to-tay, hein? Vy drinks peer, mein poy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.

"No, Pilly, it vast not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig faces als didst make, Pilly. Pilly, you dinks it vill daste gute py-and-py, and it ees like a man to trinks, and so you trinks, Pilly. Now, Pilly, eef it ees gute, haf it; if it ees like ein man, trink it, Pilly, I vill not hinders you vrom vat ees gute and manly, mein shilt; but—trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Billy, and lets me pay for it. Kom, mein

poy! You likes peer. Vell, kom, open dein mout; heir I haf all te peer stuff Simons pure vrom te schops, mein poy. Kom, opens dein mout, ant I vill puts it een."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende:

"Don you makes me madt, Pilly! Opens dein mout!"

Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face, but boys can stand alum. After a little, Christian cried, "Opens dein mout, peer is't not all alums!" and he dropped in a bit of aloes. This was worse; Billy winced. Again, "Opens dein mout!" The least morsel of red pepper, now, from a knife point; but Billy howled.

"Vat! not likes dein peer!" said Zende. "Opens dein mout!" Just touched, now, with a knife point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Opens dein mout, dein peer is not hafs mate yet, Pilly!" And Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime and potash and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly.

"Opens dein mout!" Unlucky Billy! This time about a grain of liquorice, hop pollen, and saltpetre.

"Looks, Pilly! Here ist some arsenic, and some strychnine; dese pelongs in te peer. Opens dein mout!"

"I can't, I can't!" roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats! I shall die! O-O-O! do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kills him; joost py ein leetle peer! All gute and pure! He dells me he likes peer, and it ees manly to trinks eet, and ven I gives him te peer, he cries

kills him! So, Pilly, heir is water, dere ist mooch water in peer—trinks dat!

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, "And dere is mooch alcohol in peer. Heir! opens dein mout!" and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room, and then ran for more water.

"Kommer zie heir, dein peer ist not done, Pilly," shouted Christian; and seizing him, he put the cork of an ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall; then, "Pilly, hier is more of dein peer! Hier is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, and nux vomica; opens dein mout!"

"O, no, no!" moaned Billy. "Let me go! I hate beer! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again! I'll be a good boy! I'll sign the pledge! Oh, let me be! I can't eat those things! I'll die! My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take 'em away, Father Zende!"

"Dakes 'em away! dakes away dein goot peer!" cried the old man, innocently, "ven I hafs paid vor eet, ant mein Pilly can trinks eet pure at his home, likes ein shentleman! Vy, poy, dese ist te makins of peer, and you no likes dem? All dese honey ant sugar and water, poy?"

"But the other things," said Billy, "O, the other things—they are the biggest part—ugh—they make me sick."

"Mein poy, you trinks dem fast to-tay! Looks, Pilly, a man he trinks all dese pad things mix up in vater, ant call peer. Ach! he gets red in hees faces, he gets pig in hees poddy, he gets shaky in nees hands,

he gets clumsy on hees toes, he gets weak in hees eyes, he gets pad in hees breat', he gets mean in hees manners. Vy, Pilly, you sees vy. All dese dings on mein table ees vy!"

Happy Billy! Few boys get so good a temperance lecture, such home thrusts, such practical experiments as fall to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

"He ees all goot now," said Zende. "I hafs no more droubles mit mein Pilly."

OUR FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

CHILDREN, do you know the story
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our pilgrim fathers
In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
Wealth and comfort, yes, and more,
Left their homes, and friends, and kindred,
For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often, e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red-man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand,
And before the springtime reached them,
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain ;
Summer brought them brighter prospects
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest-time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.

So the Governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all His mercies,
Set a special day apart.

That was in the Autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred and twenty-one ;
Scarce a year from when they landed,
And the colony begun.

And now when in late November,
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those Pilgrims, long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved, years, years ago,
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast, or praise, or pray,
Should bless God for those brave Pilgrims,
And their first Thanksgiving Day.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

'T WAS to be a grand Thanksgiving,
For the harvest stored away
Safely in barn and cellar ;
A time to feast and pray.

Alike in the cot and mansion
Was a hurrying here and there ;
And the scent of the browning turkey
Filled, like incense, all the air.

Dear little Puritan Ruthie
Looked on in a glad surprise,
With her small hands quaintly folded,
And her blue eyes grave and wise ;

And a host of eager questions
Flitting from brain to tongue,
To puzzle the busy workers
Their savory tasks among ;

Until her mother lost patience.
"Ruth, 'tis Thanksgiving Day,"
She said, "and we are all busy ;
Thee must go out and play.

I will call thee when I want thee ;”
Then quietly little Ruth
Tripped out of the noisy kitchen,
Though she'd rather not, in truth.

But without the sun shone warmly,
And the air was crisp and clear,
It seemed to Ruth, Thanksgiving
Was the gem of all the year.

The last of the trees' bright garments
Hung fluttering, gold and brown,
As the wee maid wandered idly
The forest pathways down,

Humming in baby fashion
A snatch of some quaint old air,
And laughing to hear a squirrel
Chatter at her from his lair.

Still letting her careless footsteps
Just where they were minded stray,
She wandered on in the brightness
Of that glad Thanksgiving Day.

The dinner at last was ready,
The haste and the bustle were o'er,
And the mother, flushed with toiling,
Swung open the cottage door,

Calling, “ Come, child, now I want thee,
I want thee, Ruth ; does thee hear ?”
And her face grew white that moment
With a sudden dreadful fear.

Where was she, her little daughter?
The forest was deep and wide;
"Ruth! Ruth!" but only the echo
Of her trembling voice replied.

The dinner was left untasted,
And the search went bravely on,
Till the pale stars shone in heaven
And the daylight all had gone.

"Have you tidings of the lost one?"
'Twas a heart-sick mother's cry,
To one and another searcher;
"None yet," was the low reply;

"But there soon must be; be trustful,"
And all through the darksome night
The torches flamed and flickered
Under the stars' pale light.

At last in the east a glimmer
Told of a day begun;
And the scattered band of hunters
Heard—was it the signal gun?

Thank God for His gracious goodness!
Each heart with hope beat high;
Bang! bang! and the joyful chorus
It seemed would rend the sky.

Found! in a sheltered corner—
In a hollow snug and deep;
All rosy, unharmed, and peaceful,
The child lay fast asleep.

Found ! but the joyous clamor
Of a sudden died in air ;
For the golden head was nestling
On a great, black, shaggy bear.

He growled at the waving torch-light ;
Ruth's blue eyes opened wide ;
“ I'm glad you've come to find me,
I knew you would ! ” she cried.

She glanced at the leveled muskets,
Half a dozen all around ;
And forth, with a cry of terror,
She sprang, at a single bound !

“ Don't shoot the dog ! ” she pleaded,
Her wee hands clasping tight ;
He has kept me warm and safe
All through this cold, dark night. ”

“ So be it ! ” cried her father,
As he clasped her in his arm ;
“ Not a single hair of his shaggy coat
Through us shall come to harm ! ”

Then home went the glad procession
Through the morning growing fair,
To the cottage in the forest,
To the mother waiting there

For the child, whose face she sprinkled
With the tears she could not stay—
“ I thank Thee, Lord ! ” she murmured,
“ For this Thanksgiving Day. ”

JOHN WHITE'S THANKSGIVING.

—
“**T**HANKSGIVING! --for what?”
—and he muttered a curse—
“For the plainest of food
and an empty purse?
For a life of hard work
and the shabbiest clothes?
But it's idle to talk
of a poor man's woes!
Let the rich give thanks,
it is they who can;
There is nothing in life
for a laboring man.”
So said John White
to his good wife Jane,
And o'er her face
stole a look of pain.
“Nothing, dear John?”
and he thought again;
Then glanced more kindly
down on Jane.
“I was wrong,” he said;
“I'd forgotten you;
And I've my health,
and the baby, too.”
And the baby crowed—
'twas a bouncing boy—
And o'er Jane's face
came a look of joy;

4

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth,
Unthanking every day ;
If we deserve or we do not,
The sun it shines away.
So in this life of daily toil,
That leaves short time to pray,
With brimming hearts let's humbly keep
One true Thanksgiving Day.
And if there be some sorrowing ones,
Less favored than we are,
A generous gift to them, I think,
Is just as good as prayer.

A LIST OF OUR PRESIDENTS.

COME, young folks all, and learn my rhyme,
Writ like the ones of olden time.
For linked together, name and name,
The whole a surer place will claim ;
And firmly in your mind shall stand
The names of those who've ruled our land.
A noble list : George Washington,
John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,
James Madison and James Monroe,
John Quincy Adams—and below
Comes Andrew Jackson in his turn ;
Martin Van Buren next we learn.
Then William Henry Harrison,
Whom soon John Tyler followed on.
And after Tyler, James K. Polk ;
Then Zachary Taylor ruled the folk

Till death. Then Millard Fillmore came ;
And Franklin Pierce we next must name.
And James Buchanan then appears,
Then Abraham Lincoln through those years
Of war. And when his life was lost
'Twas Andrew Johnson filled his post.
Then U. S. Grant and R. B. Hayes,
And James A. Garfield each had place,
And Chester Arthur ; and my rhyme
Ends now in Grover Cleveland's time.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(A recitation for five small boys. Let each boy hold in his right hand card with date, lifting it high during his recitation.)

1732.—**I**N seventeen hundred thirty-two
George Washington was born ;
Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,
His whole life did adorn.

1775.—In seventeen hundred seventy-five,
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State,
And ne'er his flag forsook.

1783.—In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life,
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789.—In seventeen hundred eighty-nine
The country with one voice,
Proclaimed him President to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799 —In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
 The Nation's tears were shed,
 To see the Patriot life resign,
 And sleep among the dead.

All. —As "first in war, and first in peace,"
 As patriot, father, friend,
 He will be blessed till time shall cease,
 And earthly life shall end.

A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD.

- 1 was a wide-awake little boy
 Who rose with the break of day ;
- 2 were the minutes he took to dress,
 Then he was off and away.
- 3 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
 Although they were steep and high ;
- 4 was the number which caused his haste,
 Because it was Fourth of July !
- 5 were his pennies which went to buy
 A package of crackers red ;
- 6 were the matches which touched them off
 And then—he was back in bed.
- 7 big plasters he had to wear
 To cure his fractures sore ;
- 8 were the visits the doctor made,
 Before he was whole once more

9 were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain ; but then,

0 are the seconds he'll stop to think
Before he does it again.

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

OUR HEROES.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right ;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe ;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says " No ! "

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about ;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
E'er do what you know to be right ;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.

"The Right " be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, knowing who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

MRS. JUNE'S PROSPECTUS.

TO parents and friends : Mrs. June,
Of the firm of Summer & Sun,
Announces the opening of her school,
Established in the year one.

An unlimited number received ;
There is nothing at all to pay ;
All that is asked is a merry heart,
And time enough to be gay.

The Junior class will bring,
In lieu of all supplies,
Eight little fingers and two little thumbs
For the making of pretty sand pies.

The Senior class, a mouth
For strawberries and cream,
A nose apiece for a rose apiece,
And a tendency to dream.

The lectures are thus arranged :
Professor Cherry Tree
Will lecture to the climbing class,
Terms of instruction—free.

Professor De Forest Spring
Will take the class on Drink ;
And the class on Titillation
Sage Mr. Bobolink.

Young Mr. Ox Eye Daisy
Will demonstrate each day
On Botany, on native plants,
And the properties of hay.

Miss Nature, the class in Fun
(A charming class to teach) ;
And the Swinging Class and the Bird Nest Class
Miss Hickory and Miss Beech.

And the Sleepy Class at night,
And the Dinner Class at noon,
And the Fat and Laugh and Roses Class,
They fall to Mrs. June.

And she hopes her little friends
Will be punctual as the sun ;
For the term, alas ! is very short,
And she wants them every one.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

FALL FASHIONS.

THE Maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green.
She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen.

The Oak and Beech and Chestnut then deplored their
shabbiness,
And all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change
their dress.

“For fashion-plates we’ll take the flowers,” the rustling
Maple said,
“And like the Tulip, I’ll be clothed in splendid gold
and red!”

“The cheerful Sunflower suits me best,” the lightsome
Beech replied;
“The Marigold my choice shall be,” the Chestnut spoke
with pride.

The sturdy Oak took time to think—“I hate such
glaring hues;
The Gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model
choose.”

So every tree in all the grove, except the Hemlock sad,
According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was
clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright
October days;
They wished to be like flowers—indeed, they look like
huge bouquets.

EDITH M. THOMAS

PARDON COMPLETE.

SHE was pretty and happy and young,
 The gods, from Jupiter down,
 Grew pale with envy as they sung,
 Till Venus' nerves were quite unstrung,
 And black was Juno's frown.
 Pretty with graces numberless,
 As her feet—bewitchingly small—
 Went dancing by with eagerness;
 She was hurrying on to buy a dress
 To wear to a charity ball.

Snips, the gamin, was coming up
 With a friend in the paper line:
 His crownless hat, a huge straw cup
 With brick-red hair filled brimming up,
 Had a rakish and gay incline.
 His coat had little left of sleeves,
 From boots his curious toes
 Peeped slyly out, like darkey thieves,
 His ragged trousers waved their leaves
 Like banners to his foes.

Those trifles, though, were very far
 From troubling him in the least.
 The stump of a very cheap cigar—
 Poor Snips was not particular—
 Making him lunch and feast.
 He looked with grins at business men
 Who rushed by looking worried,
 And vowed he'd not exchange with them;
 He hated to be hurried.

He turned the corner ; Rosebud sweet
 Just turned the corner, too,
 And tripped her toes against his feet,
 So very awkward on the street !
 The gamin whistled, " Whew !"
 * Oh, dear ! I beg your pardon, sir,"
 With pretty blushes, said
 The blithe and bonny traveler,
 Dyeing her cheeks with red.

Off came the gamin's ragged hat
 With bow that swept the walk ;
 " You hev my parding, Miss, if that
 Is how yer gwine ter talk.
 I'd like to give it on my knees,
 I'd run all over town
 To see yer face ! an', Miss, jest please
 Next time ter knock me down !"

They sauntered on ; Snips heaved a sigh ;
 His friend bestowed a grin
 * Ter notice such a cove as I
 For being run agin !
 I never had my parding axed
 Afore, an' I must say
 It made my head feel kinder mixed,
 It tuk my breath away."

WHAT BECAME OF A LIE.

FIRST, somebody told it,
 Then the room wouldn't hold it,
 So the busy tongues rolled it
 Till they got it outside ;

When the crowd came across it,
And never once lost it,
But tossed it and tossed it
Till it grew long and wide.

From a very small lie, Sir,
It grew deep and high, Sir,
Till it reached to the sky, Sir,
And frightened the moon ;
For she hid her sweet face, Sir,
In a veil of cloud-lace, Sir,
At the dreadful disgrace, Sir,
That happened at noon.

This lie brought forth others,
Dark sisters and brothers,
And fathers and mothers—
A terrible crew ;
And while headlong they hurried,
The people they flurried,
And troubled and worried,
As lies always do.

And so, evil-bodied,
This monstrous LIE goaded,
Till at last it exploded
In smoke and in shame ;
When from mud and from mire
The pieces flew higher,
And hit the sad liar,
And killed his good name !

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

MR. NOBODY.

THERE is a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate and cup was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,
Who leaves our doors ajar ;
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar.
That squeaking door will always squeak.
For, prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the doors
By none of us are made ;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade ;
The ink we never spill ; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

THE GOSSIPS.

A ROSE in my garden, the sweetest and fairest,
Was hanging her head, through the long golden
hours,

And early one morning I saw her tears falling,

And heard a low, gossipy talk in the bowers.

The flower-de-luce, a spinster all faded,

Was telling a Lily what ailed the poor Rose—

“That wild, roving Bee, who was hanging about her,

Has jilted her squarely, as every one knows.

“I knew when he came, with his singing and sighing,

With his airs and his speeches, so fine and so sweet,

Just how it would end ; but none would believe me,

For all were quite ready to fall at his feet.”

“Indeed, you are wrong,” said the Lily, quite proudly,

“I care nothing for him. He called on me once,

And would have come often, no doubt, if I’d asked him,

But, though he was handsome, I thought him a dunce.”

“Oh, oh ! that’s not true,” spoke the tall Oleander,

“He has traveled and seen every flower that grows ;

And one who has supped in the garden of princes,

We all might have known, meant no good to a Rose.”

“But wasn’t she proud when she won his attentions ?

And she let him caress her,” said sly Mignonette ;

“And I used to see it, and blush for her folly ;

But the vain thing believes he will come to her yet.”

“I thought he was splendid !” said pretty Larkspur ;

“So dark and so grand, with that gray cloak of gold ;

But he tried once to kiss me—the impudent fellow !—

And I got offended ; I thought him too bold.”

"Oh, fie!" laughed the Almond, "that does for a story.

Though I hang down my head, yet I see all that goes;
And I saw you reach out, smiling sweet, to detain him;
But he just tapped your cheek, and flew by to the
Rose.

He cared nothing for her; he only was flirting,

To while away time, as I very well knew;
So I turned the cold shoulder on his advances,
Because I was certain that his heart was untrue."

"Well the Rose is served right to her folly in trust-
ing

An oily-tongued stranger," quoth proud Cornubine.
"I knew what he was, and thought once I would warn
her,
But you know, the affair was no matter of mine."

"Oh, well," cried the Peony, shrugging her shoulders,

"I knew all along that the Bee was a flirt;
But the Rose has been always so praised and so petted,
I thought a good lesson would do her no hurt."

Just then came the sound of a love-song sung softly,

And I saw my sad Rose lifting up her bowed head,
And the voice of the gossips were hushed in a moment,
And the garden was as still as the tomb of the dead;
For the dark, glossy Bee, with his cloak o'er his shoul-
der,

Came swift o'er the meadows and kissed the sweet
Rose,
And whispered, "My darling, I've roamed the world
over,

And nothing like thee in the universe grows."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

TWO PILGRIMS.

TWO pilgrims came to a castle gate,
A gate locked fast and barred ;
They paused a-weary, for it was late,
And the journey had been hard.

Two pilgrims, I say, yet all unlike,
For one with haughty mien
And kingly step paced up and down
The little strip of green—

The green that bordered the castle gate.
The other, meek and sweet,
Leaned by a pillar, resting thus
His tired and wounded feet.

His bright eyes wandered o'er the p
He strove so hard to win ;
“And am I worthy,” he murmured low,
“Worthy to enter in?”

The Warder came to the castle gate,
The gate locked fast and barred ;
His glance searched keenly the pilgrims thro',
And his voice was cold and hard :

“None but the rich can enter here,”
A struggling, hopeless sigh,
And he that lay by the castle gate,
Sank down as if to die.

“Here, Warder, is gold,” and the gold poured out.
And rolled on the strip of grass ;

"Nothing is lacking; unbar the gate.
Unlock it and let me pass."

The Warder stood on the other side,
With measured speech and cold :
"I spake of riches, yet said I
Nothing to thee of gold."

Then he that lay on the strip of grass
As one lies who is dead,
Felt the pulse of his heart revive,
And he raised his languid head.

Lo, the Warder was hard no more,
His eyes had the look of a dove.
"Thou must be rich, but the coin," he said,
"In my Master's realm is Love."

Then he that paced with the kingly step
On the little strip of green,
Gathered his gold, and went away,
And never more was seen.

And the gates flew open so wide and far,
That a troop might freely pass,
To him that lay with his wealth of love,
Fainting upon the grass.

JUDGE BROWN'S WATERMELON STORY.

MY father was the finest watermelon grower in the country. Melon culture was his delight. I particularly remember one crop. Just before the melons began to get ripe my father called Black Bill and me,

and said: "I want you boys to understand one thing. If one of my melons is stolen, I am going to measure the tracks that I find in the patch, and then measure feet, and the owner of the feet that correspond with the tracks shall get a whipping that he can never forget. See this hickory?" pointing to a long and cruel-looking switch which he had placed above the dining-room door. "Well, if either of you want to catch this switch, pitch in." Bill shook his head and muttered that he didn't want it; that he would rather be killed by a steer (old Buck a few weeks before had thrown Bill against a tree and knocked off the bark) than to be cut to pieces with such a switch; and I assured my stern parent that so far as I was concerned he might rest in peace. Bill was the only negro we had, and although he was compelled to go to church every Sunday, riding on the seat behind the buggy, and although he sat in the buggy during services, and without effort could hear every word of the sermon, yet that boy, with all his careful training, was inclined to be a thief.

The next day after the proclamation was issued I went out and looked at the melon patch. There, lying in the sun, striped and tempting, lay a beautiful melon. Ah, if there were anything that could make a Southern boy forget honor it was a watermelon. I trembled, for I knew I could not prevent myself from stealing it, and then that awful switch came up before me. An idea struck me. I went to the house, stole into the cabin, and got Bill's shoes. What an enormous foot the rascal had! The shoes were so large that they would not stay on my feet, but I overcame this great drawback by stuffing them with grass. I slipped around and entered the patch from a locust thicket. A rain

had fallen the day before, and I made decided tracks in the level ground. I got the melon, stole back to the thicket, and, although it was not ripe, I ate more than half of it. Then I returned Bill's shoes. That afternoon while Bill and I were in the yard, I saw my father, carefully carrying a small stick, enter the gate. His face wore an unusually stern expression, and I saw that there was something wrong.

"I don't think that much measuring is needed on this occasion," said he, glancing at the stick. "Bill, where are your shoes?"

"In de cabin, sah."

"Bring them here."

He brought the shoes. The old gentleman applied the measure, and said: "Fresh dirt on them, I see."

Bill's face became a study. "Doan know how it come on dar, marster. Aint wore 'em sense last Sunday."

"Yes, that's all right. John," turning to me, "fetch me that switch." My heart smote me, but I brought the switch. Then Bill began to dance. I never did see a fellow get himself into so many different shapes, and it seemed that every shape was better suited to the switch I had to snort. I couldn't help it. I kept out of Bill's way as much as possible, for he seemed to look reproachfully at me, but he did not accuse me of delivering him up to the enemy, and I had begun to persuade myself that Bill had stolen the melon, when two days later I came to grief. Bill and I were again in the yard when my father entered the gate, carrying a small stick. "John," said he, as he approached, "where are your shoes?"

"In the house, sir."

"Bring them here."

I got my shoes. Great Cæsar! there was fresh soil on them. "Come on, come on," said the old gentleman I handed him one shoe and dropped the other one "Bill," said he, after measuring the shoe, "bring me that switch." Bill bounded with delight, and brought the switch.

"Pap," I cried, "please don't whip me; I ain't done nuthin'—Oh—"

I danced, I capered, and I met the switch at every turn. In my agony I caught sight of Bill standing at the corner of the house and snorting like a glandered horse. Bill kept out of my way, but that evening I met him and asked:

"Bill, how did you wear my shoes?"

"How did yer w'ar mine?"

"Put grass in 'em."

"Wall, I tuck er p'ar er short stilts an' put yer shoes on de ends o' 'em. Reckon we'se erbout even now. Oh, I tell yer whut's er fack, John, it don't do ter fool wid me, case I'se one o' de 'n'inted by de saints."

ARKANSAW TRAVELLER.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

A WORTHY Squire of sober life
 Had a conceited, boasting wife.
 Of him she daily made complaint,
 Herself she thought a perfect saint.
 She loved to load mankind with blame,
 And on their errors build her fame.

Her favorite subject of dispute
 Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.

"Had I been Eve," she often said,
 "Man had not fallen nor woman died;
 I still had kept the order given,
 Nor for an apple lost my Heaven.

"To gratify my curious mind
 I ne'er had ruined all mankind,
 Nor from a vain desire to know,
 Entailed on all my race such woe."
 The Squire replied: "I fear 'tis true
 The same ill-spirit lives in you.

"Tempted alike, I do believe
 You would have disobeyed like Eve."
 The lady stormed and still denied
 Both curiosity and pride.
 The Squire, some future day at dinner,
 Resolved to try this pretty sinner.

He grieved such vanity possessed her,
 He thus in serious terms addressed her:
 "Madam, the usual splendid feast
 With which our wedding-day is graced
 With you I cannot share to-day,
 For business summons me away.

"But of all the dainties I've prepared,
 I beg not any may be spared;
 Indulge in every costly dish,
 Enjoy is what I really wish,
 Only observe our prohibition
 Nor think it a severe condition:

"On one small dish that covered stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands.
Go, disobey not for your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."
The treat was served, the Squire was gone,
The murmuring lady dined alone.

She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
Charm the eye, or please the taste.
But while she ranged from this to that,
From venison haunch to turtle fat,
On a small dish she chanced to 'light.
By a deep cover hid from sight.

"O, here it is, but not for me,
I dare not taste—nay, dare not see.
Why place it here, and then forbid
That I so much as lift the lid?
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat.

"I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish!
Merely to know what's there I wish.
I'll look. O, no, I'm lost forever
If I betray my husband's favor.
I own I think it vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny, to be debarred.

"John, you may go; the wine's decanted;
I'll ring, or call you when you're wanted."
Now, left alone a little longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger.
"I'll peep. The harm can ne'er be much.
For though I peep I will not touch.

“ Why I’m forbid to lift this cover
One glance will tell, and then ’tis over.
My husband’s absent, as is John,
My peeping never can be known.”
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And raised the cover from the dish.

When, lo ! behold an open pie,
From which six living sparrows fly.
She cries—she screams in wild surprise,
“ Haste, John, and catch these birds,” she cries
John hears not, but, to crown her shame,
In, at her call, her husband came.

Sternly he frowned, and then he spoke :
“ Thus is your vowed allegiance broke.
Self-ignorance led you to believe
You did not share the sins of Eve.
Like hers, how blest was your condition,
How small my gentle prohibition.

“ This dish thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test.
Your mind, unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain this slender trial.
Go now, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
You’re both a vain and curious sinner.”

THE DRESSED TURKEY.

ONE of the parish sent one morn—
A farmer kind and able—
A nice fat turkey, raised on corn,
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl,
And thus addressed the pastor:
"Dear me, if I aint tired ! Here is
A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said : " Thou should'st not thus
Present the fowl to me ;
Come take my chair, and for me ask
And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy,
The fowl the pastor took—
Went out with it and then came in
With pleasant smile and look ;

And to his young pro tem. he said :
" Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you. his pastor."

" Good !" said the boy ; " your master is
A gentleman and scholar !
My thanks to him, and for yourself,
Here is a half a dollar !"

The pastor felt around his mouth
 A most peculiar twitching ;
 And, to the gobbler holding fast,
 He "bolted" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
 And came back in a minute,
 Then took the youngster's hand and left
 A half a dollar in it.

GRANDFATHER'S BARN.

O H, don't you remember our grandfather's barn,
 Where our cousins and we met to play ;
 How we climbed on the beams and the scaffolds so high,
 Or tumbled at will on the hay
 How we sat in a row on the bundles of straw,
 And riddles and witch stories told,
 While the sunshine came in through the cracks of the
 South,
 And turned the dust into gold ?

How we played hide and seek in each cranny and nook,
 Wherever a child could be stowed ?
 Then we made us a coach of a hog'shead of rye,
 And on it to "Boston" we rode ;
 And then we kept store and sold barley and oats,
 And corn by the bushel or bin ;
 And straw for our sisters to braid into hats.
 And flax for our mothers to spin.

Then we played 'we were biddies, and cackled and crowed,

Till grandma in haste came to see
If the weasels were killing the old speckled hen,
Or whatever the matter might be ;
How she patted our heads when she saw her mistake,
And called us her sweet " chicken dears !"
While a tear dimmed her eye as the picture recalled
The scenes of her own vanished years.

How we tittered and swung, and played meeting and school,

And Indian and soldier and bear !
While up on the rafter the swallows kept house,
Or sailed through the soft summer air.
How we longed to peep into their curious nests !
But they were too far overhead ;
So we wished we were giants, or winged like the birds,
And then we'd do wonders, we said.

And don't you remember the racket we made

When selling at auction the hay ;
And how we wound up with a keel over leap
From the scaffold down into the hay ?
When we went into supper our grandfather said,
If he'd not once been a boy,
He should think that the Hessians were sacking the
town,
Or an earthquake had come to destroy.

MRS. PIPER.

MRS. Piper was a widow—
“ Oh, dear me !

This world is not at all,” she said, “ the place it used to be !
Now my poor husband, he was such a good man to provide—

I never had the leastest care of anything outside !

But now,

Why, there’s the cow,

A constant care, and Brindle’s calf I used to feed when
small,

And those two Ayrshire heifers that we purchased in
the fall—

Oh, dear !

My husband sleeping in the grave, it’s gloomy being
here !

The oxen Mr. Piper broke, and four steers two years old,
The blind mare and the little colt, they all wait to be
sold !

For how am I to keep ’em now ? and yet how shall I sell ?
And what’s the price they ought to bring, how can a
woman tell ?

Now Jacob Smith, he called last night, and stayed till
nine o’clock,

And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and tried
to buy my stock ;—

He said he’d pay a higher price than any man in town ;
He’d give his note, or, if I chose, he’d pay the money
down.

But there !

To let him take those creeturs off, I really do not dare !

For 'tis a lying world, and men are slippery things at best,
My poor dear husband in the ground, he wasn't like the
rest!

But Jacob Smith's a different case; if I would let him,
now,
Perhaps he'd wrong me on the horse, or cheat me on a
cow;

And so

I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer, 'No.'

Mrs. Piper was a widow—

"Oh, dear me!

A single woman with a farm must fight her way," said she.
"Of everything about the land my husband always
knew;

I never felt, when he was here, I'd anything to do;

But now, what fields to plow,

And how much hay I ought to cut, and just what crops
to sow,

And what to tell the hired men, how can a woman
know?

Oh, dear!

With no strong arm to lean upon, it's lonesome being
here!

Now Jacob Smith, the other night, he called on me again,
And talked and talked, and talked and talked, and stayed
till after ten;

He said he'd like to take my farm, to buy it or to lease—
I do declare, I wish that man would give me any peace!
For, there!

To trust him with my real estate I truly do not dare;
For, if he buys it, on the price he'll cheat me underhand.
And, if he leases it, I know he will run out the land;

And, if he takes it at the halves, both halves he'll strike
for then ;

It's risky work when women folk have dealings with the
men !

And so,

I do not dare to trust him, and I mean to answer No.' "

Mrs. Piper was a widow—

"Oh, dear me !

Yet I have still some mercies left ; I won't complain,"
said she.

"My poor, dear husband knows, I trust, a better world
than this ;

'Twere sinful selfishness in me to grudge him Heaven's
bliss !

So now,

I ought to bow

Submissively to what is sent—not murmur and repine ;
The hand that sends our trials has, in all, some good
design.

Oh, dear !

If we knew all, we might not want our buried lost ones
here !

And Jacob Smith, he called last night, but it was not
to see

About the cattle or the farm, but this time it was me !
He said he prized me very high, and wished I'd be his
wife,

And if I did not he should lead a most unhappy life.
He did not have a selfish thought, but gladly, for my
sake,

The care of all my stock and farm he would consent to
take—

And, there!

To slight so plain a Providence I really do not dare!
He'll take the cattle off my mind, he'll carry on the
farm—

I haven't since my husband died had such a sense of
calm!

I think the man was sent to me—a poor, lone woman
must,

In such a world as this, I feel, have some one she can
trust;

And so,

I do not feel it would be right for me to answer 'No' "

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

ONCE-ON-A-TIME.

HEIGH-HO! What frolics we might see,
Had it only happened to you and me
To be born in some far-distant clime,
In the country of Somewhere, once-on-a-time!

Why, once-on-a-time there were mountains of gold,
And caves full of jewels, and treasures untold;
There were birds just waiting to fly before
And show you the way to the magical door.
And, under a tree, there was sure to be
A queer little woman to give you the key;
And a tiny, dancing, good-natured elf,
To say, with his sceptre, "Help yourself!"
For millions of dollars grew from a dime
In the country of Somewhere, once-on-a-time.

If we lived in the country of Somewhere, you
 Could do whatever you chose to do ;
 Instead of a boy, with the garden to weed,
 You might be a knight, with a sword and a steed ;
 Instead of a girl, with a towel to hem,
 I might be a princess, with robe and gem,
 With a gay little page, and a harper old,
 Who knew all the stories that ever were told—
 Stories in prose, and stories in rhyme,
 That happened somewhere, once-on-a-time.

In the country of Somewhere, no one looks
 At maps and blackboards and grammar books ;
 For all your knowledge just grows and grows,
 Like the song in a bird, or the sweet in a rose.
 And if ever I chance, on a fortunate day,
 To that wonderful region to find my way,
 Why, then, if the stories all are true,
 As quick as I can, I'll come for you,
 And we'll row away to its happy shores,
 In a silver shallop with golden oars.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

THE TWO BILLS.

(A Fable.)

TWO bills were waiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill, only one dollar ; the other was a big bill, a thousand-dollar bill.

While lying there, side by side, they fell a-talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured :

"Ah, if I were as big as you what good I would do! I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me wherever I should go! All would admire me, and want to take me home with them, but, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me. I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes! that is so," said the thousand-dollar bill; and it haughtily gathered up its well-trimmed edges, that were lying next the little bill, in conscious superiority. "That is so," it repeated. "If you were as great as I am—a thousand times bigger than you are—then you might hope to do some good in the world." And its face smiled a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

"Just then the cashier came, took the little, murmuring bill, and kindly gave it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cried, as with a smiling face she received it. "My dear, hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered: "I may do some good, even if I am small." And when it saw the bright faces of her fatherless children, it was very glad that it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar-bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker's for bread, then to the miller's, then to the farmer's, then to the laborer's, then to the doctor's, then to the minister's; and wherever it went it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy. At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again, crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened, by its daily use. Seeing the thousand-dollar bill lying

here with scarcely a wrinkle or a finger-mark upon it, it exclaimed :

“ Pray, sir, and what has been your mission of usefulness ?” The big bill sadly replied : “ I have been from safe to safe, among the rich, where few could see me, and they were afraid to let me go out far, lest I should be lost. Few, indeed, are they whom I have made happy by my mission.”

The little dollar-bill said, “ It is better to be small and go among the multitudes doing good, than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few.” And it rested satisfied with its lot.

MORAL.—The doing well of little every-day duties makes one the most useful and happy.

KATRINA.

KATRINA'S hair so truly
Does appear
As when sunshine newly
Shineth clear.
So smoothly braided, neat and quaint,
Like pictured head of small Dutch saint.

Katrina holds in blue disguise
Angels two,
That 'neath white curtains of her eyes
Peep at you.
Clear eyes that show so good and fair,
Much of Heaven seems showing there.

Katrina's self, her little self,
 Is so wise,
 And all her wisdom seems sweet wealth
 In my eyes.
 I think of some tender hymn of praise
 Whenever she speaks a soft Dutch phrase.

Katrina taught me how to say
 Many things,
 Till my thoughts one pleasant day
 Opened wings,
 And then I whispered, low and clear,
 "Ich liebe dich, Katrina, dear!"

Katrina's self, would you guess it?
 Ist meine frau!
 Dear heart, take the thought and bless it
 Even now.
 And to-day when I listen to quaint Dutch words,
 My heart seems full of singing birds.

MILLY.

YES; Tim, who sells papers, is hearty,
 And Maggie knows never a pain;
 But Milly there, seems like a flower
 All beaten and bruised by the rain.
 You see, sir, the roses and dimples
 Have gone from each poor little knee:
 Just keep a red rose in the cellar,—
 You know what the flower will be!

She dreams every night of the country,
Of singing birds, flowers, and bees,
Though she never has seen a rose growing,
Nor the nest of a bird in the trees.
And she laughs quite aloud in her pleasure,
And claps her soft hands with delight ;
She stays all day long in this attic,
But lives in the country all night.

She has read, and has thought, till her fancy
Has built a sweet world of her own,
Away from the rank-smelling alley
And the tall, gloomy buildings of stone.
Almost she can smell the sweet clover
And hide in the tents of new hay,
Or climb to the boughs where the cherries
Are hiding their red cheeks away.

To think of the velvety meadows
Lying, unused, in the sun ;
To think of the acres of daisies
Down-dropping their blooms, one by one !
Yet never a patch where my Milly
May tumble and play the day long,
Her cheeks growing red, with the clovers,
And her languid foot nimble and strong !

The sleek cattle rove in the pastures,
The goats have the hillsides to-day ;
The lambs stand knee-deep in the grasses,
With God's leave to live and to play.
They breathe the sweet health of the mountains
Nor lift their dull eyes in a prayer ;
While children like Milly are dying
For want of the sunshine and air.

Oh, you, who dwell out of this Babel,
 In country homes peaceful and far;
 It may be a little girl's longing
 Will travel and reach where you are!
 It may be cool doors will swing open
 And tender hands stroke her white face;
 Just hear her laugh out in her sleeping—
 She's dreaming of just such a place!
 MAY RILEY SMITH.

DAISIES.

SHE was a little Irish maid,
 With light brown hair and eyes of gray;
 And she had left her native shore
 And journeyed miles and miles away
 Across the ocean, to the land
 Where waves the banner of the free;
 And on her face a shadow lay,
 For sick at heart for home was she.
 When from the city's dust and heat,
 And ceaseless noise, they took her where
 The birds were singing in the trees,
 And flowery fragrance filled the air,
 And there their leaf-crowned heads upraised
 To greet the pretty gray-eyed lass,
 A million blossoms starred the road
 And grew among the waving grass.
 "Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried;
 And with hands clasped, sank on her knees;
 "Now God be praised, who East and West
 Scatters such lovely things as these!

Around my mother's cabin door
 In dear old Ireland they grow.
 With hearts of gold and slender leaves,
 As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips,
 Though on her cheeks there lay a tear,
 "This land's not half so strange," she said,
 "Since I have found the daisies here."

HILDA, SPINNING.

SPINNING, spinning by the sea,
 All the night!

On a stormy, rock-ribbed shore,
 Where the north winds downward pour,
 And the tempests fiercely sweep
 From the mountains to the deep,
 Hilda spins beside the sea,
 All the night!

Spinning at her lonely window
 By the sea!
 With her candle burning clear.
 Every night of all the year,
 And her sweet voice, crooning low
 Quaint old songs of love and woe.
 Spins she at her lonely window
 By the sea.

On a bitter night in March,
 Long ago,
 Hilda, very young and fair,
 With a crown of golden hair,

Watched the tempest raging wild,
Watched the roaring sea—and smiled—
Through that woful night in March,
Long ago !

What though all the winds were out
In their might !
Richard's boat was tried and true ;
Stanch and brave his hardy crew ;
Strongest he to do or dare.
Said she, breathing forth a prayer :
“ He is safe, though winds are out
In their might.”

But, at length, the morning dawned
Still and clear ;
Calm, in azure splendor, lay
All the waters of the bay ;
And the ocean's angry moans
Sank to solemn undertones,
As, at last, the morning dawned
Still and clear !

With her waves of golden hair
Floating free,
Hilda ran along the shore,
Gazing off the waters o'er ;
And the fisherman replied :
“ He will come in with the tide,”
As they saw her golden hair
Floating free !

Ah ! he came in with the tide,
Came alone !

Tossed upon the shining sands,
Ghastly face and clutching hands,
Seaweed tangled in his hair,
Bruised and torn his forehead fair—
Thus he came in with the tide,
All alone !

Hilda watched beside her dead
Day and night.
Of those hours of mortal woe
Human ken may never know ;
She was silent, and his car
Kept the secret, close and dear,
Of her watch beside her dead,
Day and night !

What she promised in the darkness,
Who can tell ?
But upon that rock-ribbed shore
Burns a beacon evermore,
And, beside it all the night,
Hilda guards the lonely light,
Though what vowed she in the darkness
None may tell !

Spinning, spinning by the sea,
All the night !
While her candle, gleaming wide
O'er the restless, rolling tide,
Guides with steady, changeless ray,
The lone fisher up the bay,—
Hilda spins beside the sea,
Through the night.

Fifty years of patient spinning
By the sea !
Old and worn, she sleeps to-day,
While the sunshine gilds the bay ;
But her candle shining clear
Every night of all the year,
Still is telling of her spinning
By the sea !

ARTIE'S "AMEN."

THEY were Methodists twain, of the ancient school
Who always followed the wholesome rule
That whenever the preacher in meeting said
Aught that was good for the heart or head,
His hearers should pour their feelings out
In a loud "Amen" or a godly shout.

Three children had they—all honest boys—
Whose youthful sorrows and youthful joys
They shared, as all loving parents will,
While tending them ever through good and ill.

One day—'twas a bleak, cold Sabbath morn,
When the sky was dark and the earth forlorn—
These boys, with a caution not to roam,
Were left by the elder folk at home.

But scarce had they gone when the wooded frame
By the tall stove-pipe was seen aflame ;
And out of their reach, high, high, and higher,
Rose the red coils of the serpent fire.

With startled sight for a while they gazed,
As the pipe grew hot and the wood-work blazed;
Then up, though his heart beat wild with dread,
The eldest climbed to a shelf o'erhead,
And soon, with a sputter and hiss of steam,
The flame died out like an angry dream.

When the father and mother came back that day—
They had gone to a neighboring church to pray—
Each looked, but with half-averted eye,
On the awful doom which had just passed by.

And then the father began to praise
His boys with a tender and sweet amaze.
"Why, how did you manage, Tom, to climb
And quench the threatening flames in time
To save your brothers and save yourself?"
"Well, father I mounted the strong oak shelf
By the help of the table standing nigh."
"And what?" quoth the father, suddenly,
Turning to Jemmy, the next in age,
"Did you to quiet the fiery rage?"
"I brought the pail and the dipper, too,
And so it was that the water flew
All over the flames and quenched them quite."

A mist came over the father's sight,
A mist of pride and of righteous joy,
As he turned at last to his youngest boy—
A gleeful urchin scarce three years old,
With his dimpling cheeks and his hair of gold.
"Come, Artie, I'm sure you weren't afraid;
Now tell me in what way you tried to aid

This fight with the fire?" "Too small am I,"
Artie replied, with a half-drawn sigh,
"To fetch like Jemmy, and work like Tom;
So I stood just here for a minute dumb,
Because, papa, I was frightened some;
But I prayed, 'Our Father,' and then—and then
I shouted as loud as I could, 'Amen.'"

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

SINGING JOSEPH.

WHEN I was quite a young man, said the dominie,
I was itinerating in Western New York. It was
in the spring of the year when I started out, and the
people and the country were alike strange to me. I
went zealously from place to place, preaching, organiz-
ing laymen's meetings and Sunday-schools, trusting
that I was scattering good seed in fertile, although
oftentimes (it must be confessed) in very rough soil.
The weather was terrible all through March, the days
being just a dreary succession of rain-storms.

One gray, chilly afternoon I was brought to a stand-
still beside a swollen, turbid river. There was no boat
in sight, and no way of crossing that I could see. On
the opposite bank was a small frame house, in front of
which, suspended between two poles, a sign was swing-
ing, the glaring red letters assuring me, even at that
distance, that the place was "Pomfret's Tavern." I
had been advised to put up there, so the sight was a
welcome one, for both my poor horse and myself were
well nigh wearied out. But how to cross the river—
that was what puzzled me. Soon I saw a tall, thin

youth come out of the house and walk down to the water's edge. As he looked across at me in an inquiring way, I shouted, "Is this a ferry?" The answer was borne back to me by the sighing winds above the melancholy roar of the surging water, in a droll, monotonous sing-song, which, however, came to my ears as distinctly as a bugle-call:

"The old ferry-boat has gone off down stream,
Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do.
The old ferry-boat has gone off down stream,
Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do."

"Has any one been across since?" I shouted again a good deal amused at his first answer, and quite curious to know whether the next would be set to music.

"The ducks and the geese they do fly over,
Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do;
The ducks and the geese they do fly over,
Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do,"

was borne back to my listening ears. "Was there ever a bridge across this river?" was my next question, for I was interested to know how long the singing answers would be kept up, as well as anxious to know how I was to reach the public house. The lad turned like an automaton, and pointing down the stream sang merrily:

"Don't you see the ruins of it?
Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do."

"I'm the minister that is to preach to-morrow in the Deep Pond school-house, and I should like to know how I am to get there," I now screamed, for I was getting a little angry. Turning, the lad now pointed his

long arm and thin forefinger up stream, and sang as bugle-like as before:

“Go up a mile to the Dover ferry,
 Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do;
 Then come back, and you’ll be merry,
 Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do.”

Thoroughly vexed now that the lad not only treated me as a stranger and a gentleman, but as a minister of the gospel, I shouted, in parting: “You’re a saucy young rascal! If I was over there I would give you a sweet dressing.”

“I do thank the river for it,
 Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do;
 I do thank the river for it,
 Tol, lol, lol, lol, e, diddle di do,”

came floating in my ears, as I turned my tired horse and plodded on through the mud to the next ferry.

The crossing was rather a hazardous proceeding in the swollen state of the stream, and I did not think to mention my singing acquaintance to the aged ferryman, who promised to come to the meeting next day, and to notify every one he saw of the arrival of the preacher.

My poor horse jogged slowly back down the river to the tavern. We found the thin youth waiting for us on the little porch. He regarded me with some anxiety, as if wondering if I meant to inflict the promised punishment. Taking my horse’s bridle as I dismounted the lad started to lead it to the stable, first turning to me in a deprecating way, and singing in a low and very sweet voice:

“Ching, a ling, ling, ling, lo,
Ching, a ling, ling, ling, lark,
Father and mother have gone away
But they’ll be home before dark.”

Believing him to be defying me, I determined to take notice of his peculiar rigmarole manner of communication, and replied, “I suppose I may warm and refresh myself if they are away from home?”

“There’s a fire and plenty to eat
In the room behind the bar;
Trull, lul, lul, lul, lul, lo,
Trull, lul, lul, lul, la,”

chanted my strange companion, in a different time and jingle. As I proceeded to find my way to the room and fire indicated, I made up my mind that the poor fellow was a little daft. He was active and assiduous in his attentions, did not speak unless spoken to, and flew around, piling more logs on the fire, and making preparations for supper.

Soon the threatening clouds shut down, and once more it began to rain in torrents. One moment I was thankful that I had reached such snug, comfortable quarters; the next, my natural horror of insane people would return, and I would almost determine to start out again in search of some farm-house. But the muddy road, on the one hand, the surging river, on the other, the angry sky, the howling wind, and the falling rain together with thoughts of my weary horse, made me put such foolish ideas aside, and turn again gratefully to the cheerful, blazing fire, where a big iron teakettle hung and steamed and sung, a spider of savory sausages

hissed and sputtered, and a mince-ple and a golden brown Indian pudding looked out at me invitingly from a tin baker, where they had been placed to warm before the fire.

Although very hungry, I was almost afraid to eat nervously thinking that the poor unfortunate, to get even with me for my spiteful speech of the afternoon, might poison the food. So, as he began to place it upon the table, I suggested that we wait for his father and mother to come before we should eat supper. The poor fellow immediately piped up in a plaintive strain,

“ They’ll not come when the rain is falling,
Falling, falling, falling, falling ;
They’re at Deacon Porter’s calling,
Calling, calling, calling, calling.”

While still singing, he seated himself at the table, and motioned me to draw up opposite him.

After pouring the tea as handily as a woman, he turned to me and sang in still a different tune,

“ Will you, please sir, ask a blessing,
On the bread and meat and pudding ? .
On the bread and meat and pudding,
Will you, please sir, ask a blessing ?”

Much surprised, and very much ashamed that I had not anticipated the request, I said grace, and, much reassured by the little incident, made a hearty supper.

After my strange companion had done up the chores and made everything snug for the night, he sat down in the corner of the fireplace, and looked at me steadily. His fixed regard made me nervous again, and I said,

somewhat impatiently, "Why are you so obstinate as to answer me in this saucy, sing-song way whenever I speak to you?" The tears rushed quickly to the youth's eyes, and he sang once more :

"I thought they would tell you at the ferry,
And when you came back we should be merry."

"Tell me what?" said I, interrupting him. Upon that he essayed to speak, but, although he made the most frantic effort, he could not utter a word. Soon he recovered himself, to my great relief, for I thought he was going into a fit, and, to my astonishment, sang more musically than ever :

"Don't you see, sir, how I stutter?
I can neither talk nor mutter ;
So God lets me sing my say,
And I thank Him every day."

I never felt so chagrined in my life as when I found out the truth in regard to the poor fellow. It was a good lesson to me. I have never formed a hasty judgment since.

"Singing Joseph" (as he was called) and I conversed until a late hour. I found him very intelligent, although his ideas, always without a moment's hesitation on his part, set themselves to music, some of the strains being the sweetest and most plaintive I ever heard.

I kept up the acquaintance of this person for many years. He took the lead of the singing at the meetings, and became a great help in his way in the church which grew out of them.

"Singing Joseph" was married in good time to the prettiest girl in the township, and I had the pleasure of

performing the ceremony. There was a large wedding and when I asked Joseph the all-important question, he sang clearly and sweetly, and I am sure quite in promptu :

“I take Mary Ellen for my wife,
Shout and sing, ye saints, for joy ;
I will care for her through life,
Shout and sing, ye saints, for joy !”

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON

THE FATE OF SIN FOO :

OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE TEA PLANT.

AGES ago, when the world was grand,
In the reign of the Emperor Whoo,
There lived a sage in the Flowery Land
Whom tradition calls Sin Foo ;
And no other mortal could understand
One-half of the lore he knew.

This wise man never was known to guess,
For he knew all things that be .
The reason why girls say No for Yes.
Was as plain as A B C,
And e'en the ages of actresses
He knew, so wise was he !

He knew why girls all sit on the floor
Whenever they put on a shoe ;
And why for each strawberry blonde you score
A white horse comes into view ;
And wonderful things unknown before,
And nothing to him was new.

But the strongest brain must tire some day,
And this was Sin Foo's mishap ;
He could not study, nor write, nor pray,
Nor sit with a book in his lap,
But his eminent head would nod straightway,
And his eyelids shut with a snap.

To keep him awake he tied his cue
To the top of his chairback tall ;
He hired two cats to sit and mew
All night on the garden wall ;
He pinched himself both black and blue,
And slumbered in spite of it all.

Weary at last of the useless strife,
He rose with a resolute cough ;
Full well he knew if he snored through life,
How the people would sneer and scoff.
So he asked his wife for the carving knife
And cut both his eyelids off.

His poor wife shrieked as they dropped to the ground
When—a marvellous sight to see—
Where they fell a beautiful plant was found,
More sweet than the jasmine tree.
And when the spinsters had gathered around,
They tasted and named it Tea.

Since then, when a Chinaman goes to drink
A cup of the balmy brew,
Ere he put his lips to the fragrant brink,
He shakes a sorrowful cue ;
For he never—ah ! never can choose but think
Of the fate of the great Sin Foo.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

THE WHISTLE.

"YOU have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart
who stood

While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it—tell me?" she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he said, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the
charm
Would work so, that not even Modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm."
She smiled—and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time an exquisite bliss:
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of
mine,
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd
make!

For only consider how silly 'twould be,
To sit there and whistle—for—what you might take."

THE CITY SPORTSMAN.

I BOUGHT a dandy outfit,
A rod and reel and line,
And gaudy flies and leaders,
All extra-superfine.

I hied me to the mountains,
Where hide the speckled trout. *
And every one said "Gracious!"
When I took my outfit out.

I sought the nearest trout-brook,
Upon the mountain side,
And got my gear in order,
Concealing ill my pride.

All day I fished and clambered
O'er boulders green with slime,
And softly said at nightfall,
' Well, better luck next time !'

And so for a whole fortnight,
With features grimly set,
I whipped that foaming trout-brook,
And got my stockings wet.

I got my line entangled,
Among the arching trees,
And broke my rod and smashed my reel,
And barked my luckless knees.

I had as gay an outing
As any man could wish,
It cost two hundred dollars
And I didn't get a fish.

WILLIAM H. HILLIS.

CONTENTMENT.

“ Man wants but little here below.”

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few :
 I only wish a hut of stone
 (A very plain brown stone will do),
 That I may call my own ;
 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
 Three courses are as good as ten ;
 If nature can subsist on three,
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
 I always thought cold victuals nice—
 My choice would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land ;
 Give me a mortgage here and there,
 Some good bank stock, some note of hand,
 Or trifling railroad share ;
 I only ask that fortune send
 A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
 And titles are but empty names ;
 I would, perhaps, be Plenipo—
 But only near St. James ;
 I'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin
 To care for such unfruitful things ;

One good-sized diamond in a pin,
 Some not so large in rings,
 A ruby and a pearl or so,
 Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear);
 I own perhaps I might desire
 Some shawls of true Cashmere—
 Some narrowy crapes of China silk,
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth's wayful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But all must be of buhl.
 Give grasping pomp its double care—
 I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them much—
 Too grateful for the blessings lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHERE THEY NEVER FEEL THE COLD

“YES,” remarked the St. Paul man to a friend from Chicago, as he stood arrayed in his blanket suit, and adjusted a couple of buckskin chest protectors, “yes, there is something about the air in the North-

western climate which causes a person not to notice the cold. Its extreme dryness," he continued, as he drew on a couple of extra woolen socks, a pair of Scandinavian sheepskin boots, and some Alaska overshoes—"its extreme dryness makes a degree of cold, reckoned by the mercury, which would be unbearable in other latitudes, simply exhilarating here. I have suffered more with the cold in Michigan, for instance," he added, as he drew on a pair of goatskin leggings, adjusted a double fur cap, and tied on some Esquimau ear-muffs, "in Michigan or Illinois, we will say, with the thermometer at zero or above, than I have here with it at from 45 to 55 below. The dryness of our winter air is certainly remarkable," he went on, as he wound a couple of rods of red woolen scarf about his neck, wrapped a dozen newspapers around his body, drew on a fall-cloth overcoat, a winter-cloth overcoat, a light buffalo-skin overcoat, and a heavy polar-bear-skin overcoat; "no, if you have never enjoyed our glorious Minnesota winter climate, with its dry atmosphere, its bright sunshine and invigorating ozone, you would scarcely believe some things I could tell you about it. The air is dry," he continued, as he adjusted his leather nose protector, drew on his reindeer-skin mittens, and carefully closed one eye-hole in the sealskin mask he drew down from his cap, "it is so dry that actually it seems next to impossible to feel the cold at all. We can scarcely realize in the spring that we have had winter, owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere. By the way," he went on, turning to his wife, "just bring me a couple of blankets and those bed-quilts to throw over my shoulders, and hand me that muff with the hot soapstone in it, and now I'll take a pull at this jug of

brandy and whale oil, and then, if you'll have the girl bring my snow-shoes and iceberg scaling stick, I'll step over and see them pry the workmen off the top of the ice-palace, who were frozen on yesterday. I tell you we wouldn't be going out this way five hundred miles further south, where the air is damp and chilly. Nothing but our dry air makes it possible."

THE APPLE SEED.

COME hither and listen ; a tale I'll relate
Of a little brown seed and its wonderful fate ;
In heart of an apple in autumn 'twas found,
Then was buried deep down in the dark, silent ground.

The frost soon enshrouded its own little bed,
And snows drifted o'er it, by chilling winds sped ;
The day and the night were alike where it lay ;
Of the pale winter sunshine it knew not one ray.

The white drifts all vanished one mild April day,
And frost that encased it all melted ere May ;
It sprang to the surface as soon as 'twas freed
And raised two green banners—the brave little seed.

It grew and it spread as the fleet years went by ;
It sheltered the cattle, while birds of the sky
Built nests 'mong its leaves, and there reared their
 young,
And the gay boys and girls on its low branches swung.

Should you sail to the East—the wide ocean o'er—
And search every page of its magical lore,

You never will find a more marvelous thing
Than the blossoming out of that tree in the spring.

And apples grew on it, so rosy and fair
It seemed the red sunset imprisoned lay there ;
Down 'mong the tall grasses they dropped from the tree
Where the children would seek them with shouting and
glee.

When harvests are garnered at fall of the year,
The corn-husks all stripped from the glossy, gold ear,
This queen of the fruits, that the season had graced,
In the cellar's cool darkness was carefully placed.

In long winter evenings around the bright fire
The family gathered—from infant to sire ;
Then apples were brought, and a circular row
On the hearthstone was placed to roast in the glow.

A fair, laughing maid, with a keen, glancing steel,
A ribbon would make of an apple's smooth peel,
Then the fresh, supple length would use as a test
Of the name of the lover who loved her the best.

Around her bright head she would give it a twirl,
Then a gentle dash downward, with twist and a quirl
And scoffing, but blushing, her shoulder looked o'er
At the letter it made as it fell to the floor.

The silver-haired grandma her knitting laid down,
And taking an apple, all roasted and brown,
She story on story in retrospect traced,
As the dear toddling babe she indulged with a taste.

The provident housewife made many a dish,
As luscious and wholesome as mortal could wish,
Of their rich, juicy pulp. Oh, a wonder, indeed,
'Is this tale that I tell of the little brown seed.

C. A. M. WEBB.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

REMEMBER, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six P. M., and don't get home until two A. M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them; the great, busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

R. J. BURDETTE.

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